# The MARTIN BOX



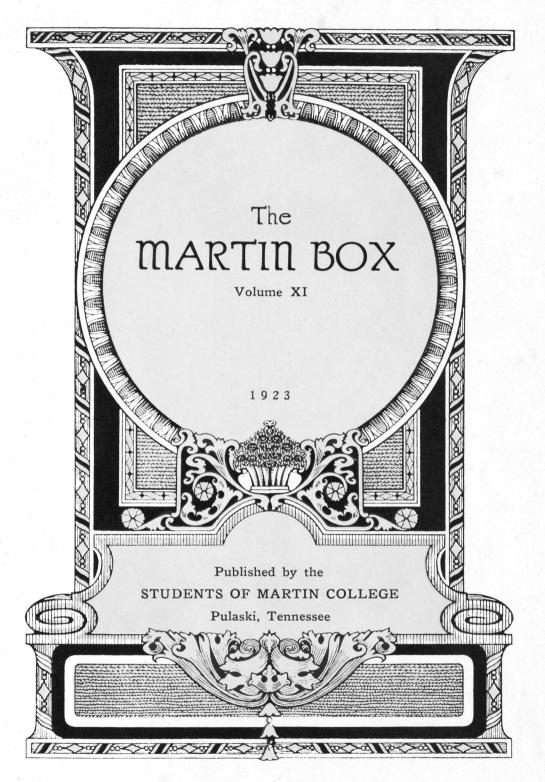
MRM 868 Warden Memorial Library Martin Methodist College Pulaski, Tennessee 38478

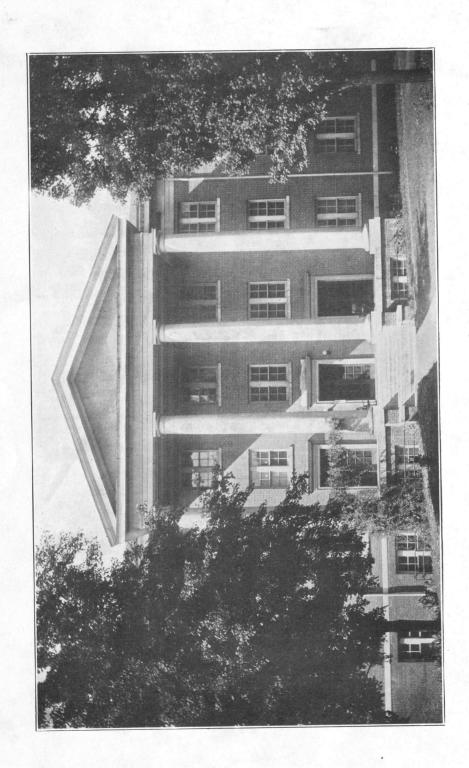


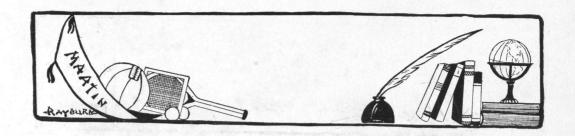
Presented By

Jane Courtner

Mary Place Turenless

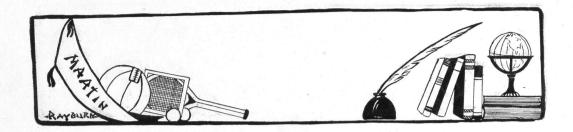






# FOREWORD

In submitting this, the eleventh volume of "The Martin Box," to our friends, we can only say that we have fallen far short of the goal for which we have striven. But if you will "take the fruyt, and lat the chaf be stille," if you will judge us by our efforts rather than by the results of those efforts, if in after years you will turn to these pages and see in them some things that will make you laugh, some things that will call to mind the friendships, ideals, and aspirations of our college life, and some things that will make you wish for those old days again; if in short, we have succeeded in making this a veritable treasure box, rich in the memories of one happy year at Martin, we shall feel that we have not laboured in vain.



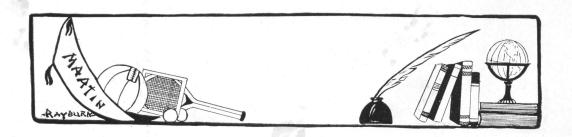
# DEDICATION

To

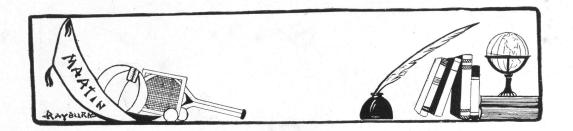
MRS. LOU ETTA BROSIUS ELDRIDGE

Our dean, who is our standard of intellectual attainment; our adviser, who sees life in its broader aspects, yet does not ignore its smaller issues; our friend, whose cheerful helpfulness and interest in our affairs, never fails; we the students of Martin College, affectionately dedicate this volume of

THE MARTIN BOX

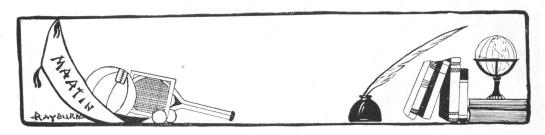






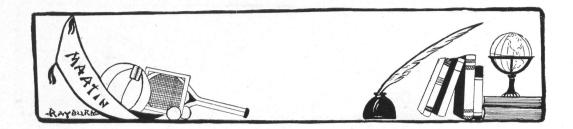
# THE MARTIN BOX STAFF

Sarah PuryearEdi	tor-in-Chief, Literary Editor
Mildred Ayres	Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Helen Busch	Business Manager
Annie Lee Abernathy	Assistant Business Manager
	Art Editor
Ruby Mae Shoffner	Special Editor
Elsie Morgan	Athletic Editor
Annie Mae Hoover	Personal Editor
Nelle Patterson	Advertising Manager
Mary Robertson	Subscription Manager
	Faculty Advisor





THE STAFF



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\*\*President\*\* Home Economics\*\*

Effie Vernor Kennedy Morgan,
B. A.

Bible, Sunday School TeacherTraining

Sallie Shapard

Director Model Training
School

Lou Etta Brosius Eldridge, A. M., Mae Abernathy Birdsong, M. E. L.

Ph. M.

Dean

Mae Abernathy Birdsong, M. E. L.

Teacher Sub-Preparatory Department

Gertrude Wack, B. A., M. A. Hugh Judson Eldridge

History and Education Director Music Department,
Piano, Harmony

English

Marguerite Adeline Cooper, B. A.,

B. M.

Violin, Piano

Minnie Elizabeth Moss, B. A.

Latin

Voice

Katherine F. Peebles

French, German, Spanish

Alida Townes

Art

Mary Gramling Braly, B. A.

Science

Marilu Gower

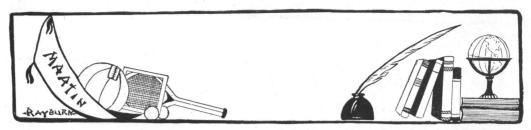
Elizabeth Branham, B. A.

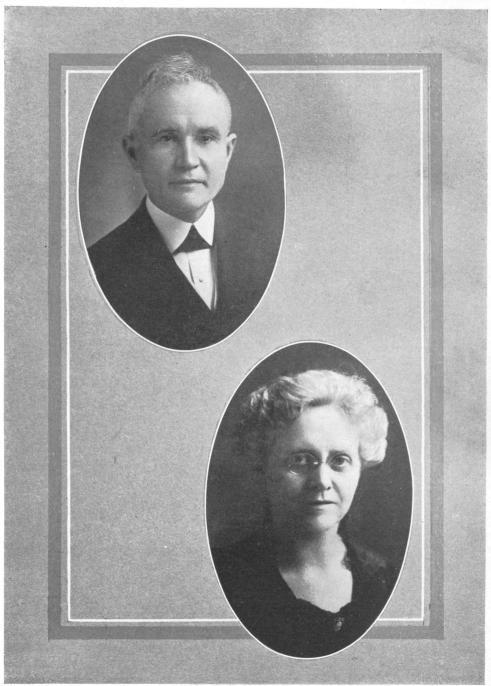
Mathematics

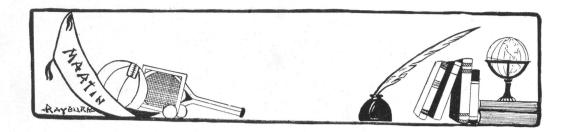
Evelyn Frances Hue, B. L. I.

Expression and Physical
Training

Shorthand, Typewriting,
Bookkeeping







# TO THE MARTIN PINE

How lonely thou didst seem, O Pine, When first I looked on thee. As lonely as my aching heart, So, then, it seemed to me.

'Twas three long work-filled years ago, And I was newly come To work and grow beneath they shade. My fond heart turned toward home,

As from my open casement, I
Peered out into the night:
Thy sturdy, Heaven-pointing form
First loomed upon my sight.

The moon was ne'er more bright and round,

Nor wind more hushed as through

Thy boughs with scarce a whispered sigh

On that calm night it blew.

It seemed as if you understood
Fow lonely one could be,
And often when the tasks were hard
I came and sat by thee.

Each day grew longer still, O Pine, But in thy sight I worked, I learned to love thy rugged coat When winter's hardships irked.

Then May day came, the race was run, 'Twas sad to leave thee, then.
All through the summer days I longed To see thy form again.

Then came and passed another year; Still closer grew the tie, And deeper, sweeter grew the joys We shared—just you and I.

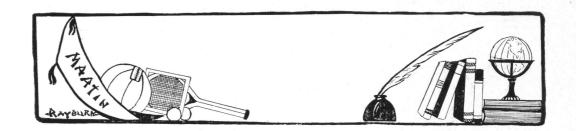
Tonight the moon still shines on thee, The heavens shed their dew, But now the time has almost come That I must say adieu.

Yet do not grieve, old friend, my heart To thee will ever turn; No truer friend than thee can e'er My fond devotion earn.

For while thou gav'st me sympathy,
Thou taught'st me lessons, too.
From thee I've learned to face life's blasts,
Unyielding, staunch and true.
—Ethel Hagan.







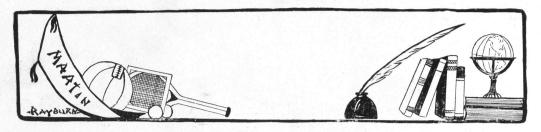
# SENIOR CLASS

Colors: Gold and White Flower: Daffodil

Motto: "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

### OFFICERS

Annie Mae Hoover	President
Sarah Frances Puryear	Vice-president
Isadore Smith	Secretary
Mildred Ayres	Treasurer-Historian
Helen Busch	Prophet
Tullie Mai Birdsong	Testator
Miss Hue	Sponsor





### ANNIE LEE ABERNATHY

"To know her is to love her
And love but her forever,
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made 'anither' "

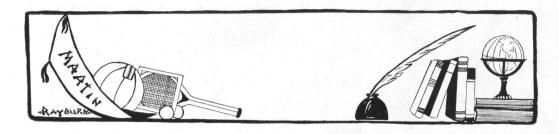
### MILDRED AYRES

"A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior."

### TULLIE MAI BIRDSONG

"Still they gazed and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."







### HELEN BUSCH

"Ambition rules my brain and love my heart."

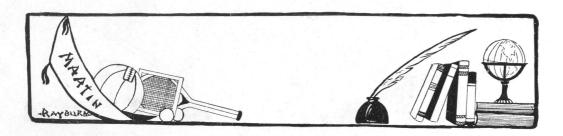
### VESTA ELKINS

"Ever loyal, ever true To the task she has to do."

### SARA GRAY

"Woman! Angels are painted fair to look like you."







### ETHEL HAGAN

"Large was her heart and her soul sincere."

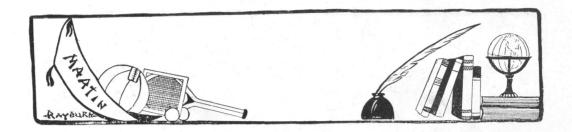
### ELISE HOLLAND

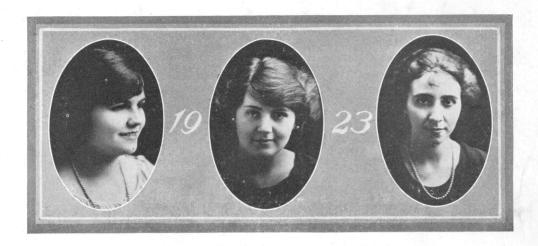
"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

### ANNIE MAE HOOVER

"A face with gladness overspread, Soft smiles by human kindness bred."







### ALICE MORGAN

"Her beauty of person is excelled only by the purity of her soul."

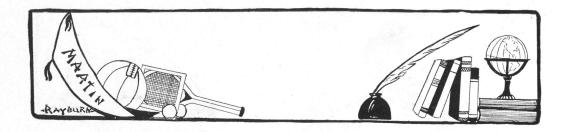
### SARAH PURYEAR

"The most certain sign of wisdom is continual cheerfulness."

### MARY RAWLS

"Speech is great, but silence greater."







### RUBY MAE SHOFFNER

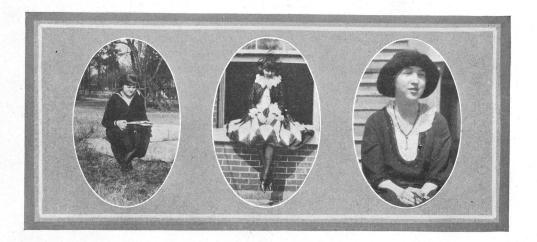
"Her worth will win hearts, and constancy keep them."

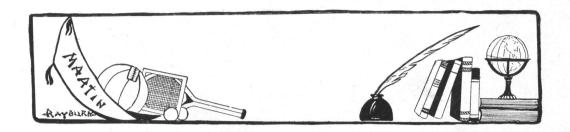
### ISADORE SMITH

"A heart to conceive, a mind to direct and a hand to execute."

### PAULINE STEWART

"For I have ease and I have health, And I have spirits light as air, And more than wisdom, more than wealth, A merry heart that laughs at care."







### EDITH WHITFIELD

"Quiet in appearance, with motives un-known."

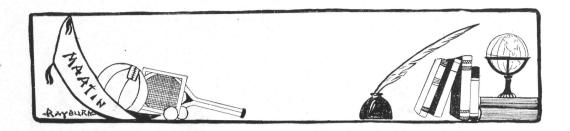
### DOROTHY WILKERSON

"In every look, word, deed, and thought, nothing but sweet and womanly."

### MISS HUE

"Fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair."





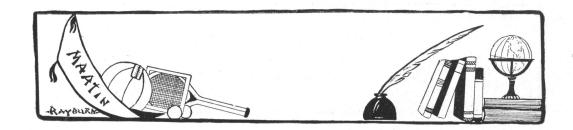
# SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

In the year 1918 four brave huntresses left their homes to hunt for the game of knowledge in the forests of Martin College. These four were Dorothy Wilkerson, Helen Busch, Sara Gray, and Midge Ayres. When they arrived at the long sought for place, they found Beatrice Paisley, who had been there since 1914. She had been plodding along all these years alone, but bravely. The other four were very brave until they reached the forest of Martin and heard the Juniors and Seniors talk about Geometry, Trig., History, Science, and Latin. Their hearts sank within them and they felt that no such game as this could ever be captured by them. Since they had been so brave in attempting this adventure they could not return home. How little and insignificant they were among so many brave huntresses who were each day capturing their game! For a whole year the five plodded along trying to reach May without complete failure.

The next year Isadore Smith, Nick Hoover, and Annie Lee Abernathy joined the hunt. The ones who were already there had not learned enough, themselves in the preceding year to help these new huntresses very much. They had to begin where the others had and followed almost hopelessly.

Finally Ethel Hagan, Ruby Mae Shoffner, and Vesta Elkins found their way to Martin. The number was rapidly increasing. Even at this time they had not learned the essentials of a true huntress's life. It seemed that they had missed their aim and instead of searching for Math., English, French, and Latin, they were searching for Massey boys, receptions, ball games, picture shows and trips to town. They were completely lost in the dense forest and seemed to be getting only whatever happened to come their way. But somehow at the end of the year, they have never know how it happened, they received their High School Certificates.

The year 1921 added the last but not least of the members. They were Sarah Puryear, Mary Rawls, Alice Morgan, Tullie Mai Birdsong, Elsie Holland, Edith Whitfield, and Pauline Stuart. They were all entering their Junior year, and now they fully realized that if they were going to get the largest and best game in the forest they must use the right weapons and be skillful in the use of them. No longer could they use such weapons as idleness, laziness, and spasmodic efforts, but they had to use patience, persistence, hope, confidence in themselves, and plenty of



hard work. After the value of the use of such weapons was learned, there was no more serious trouble for the huntresses.

When these eighteen huntresses reached their Senior year they began to realize that they were only getting ready to hunt in the jungles of a university, the game that would be of more value to them. Their chase had only begun. This last year was one of happiness and hard work.

The next time these huntresses are heard of they may be still hunting in the uttermost parts of the universe for that priceless game, knowledge.

-Mildred Ayres.

# MARTIN IN 1973

### CAST

Jane, the Dig,	Sarah Puryear's	Granddaughter
Beth, the Man-hater,	Helen Busch's	Granddaughter
Bob, the Athlete,	Annie L. Abernathy's	Granddaughter
Violetta, the Coquette,	Ruby M. Shoffner's	Granddaughter
Delia, the Deliberate	Isadore Smith's	Granddaughter
Francois, the Fluent,	Tullie M. Birdsong's	Granddaughter
Scene: Living-room of I		
Time: 1973—Commence		

### Drama in One Oct.

(As the curtain rises Jane, Violetta, and Delia are discovered singing while Bob plays the banjo.)

Beth (bounding in without warning): What's this?

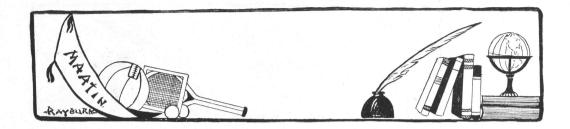
Jane: Just trying to amuse ourselves as our Grandmothers did when they were here.

Beth: How romantic! But don't let me interrupt.

Violetta: It must have been dull in those days! Why, Grandma says she just had to study all of the time.

Delia: Yes, and they didn't call studying what we do now. They studied Latin, Mathematics and Science, can you imagine! Why, Grand-mother says that she never *heard* of studying Etiquette, Moonlight-ology, and the science of Beauty that nearly kills us!

Jane: Francois certainly inherits that unfortunate trait. She's been off studying English for *fifteen* minutes! (*Enter Francois*.)



Francois: No, I don't either, but English is so wonderful for to-morrow! It's Chaucer and he is so humorous, a regular whim!

Jane: That's what Grandmother used to say. She said that the seniors of '23 used to just raise the ceiling off the dining-room laughing at Chaucer's jokes.

Beth: My Grandmother was a senior in '23 too!

Violetta: And Mine.

Delia and Bob: So was mine!

Jane: Mine was too! I'll bet they knew each other.

Bob: What was your Grandmother's name?

Jane: Sarah Frances Puryear.

Delia: I've heard Grandma speak of her lots! She was the shark of the class.

Jane: Yes, and the shark of the family, too! She just resigned her position as Dean of Columbia University three years ago.

Delia: Well, Grandmother's still at it. She's been the leading Supreme Court lawver in Washington since she was thirty.

Violetta: What was her name?

Delia: Isadore Smith——

Bob: Oh, she was the one who roomed with a girl they called "Nick." Francois: Nick Hoover, that's it! If we want to cheer Grandma up, all

we've got to say is "Nick" and she's grinning like a 'possum.

Bob: What became of her, anyway?

Delia: She went to Oberlin with Dot, another one of the '23 Seniors, and became a marvelous athlete, in fact, won the Loving Cup for the U. S. three years in succession in the International Olympic Games.

Francois: Goodness! Well, what happened to Dot?

Bob: Oh, that was Dorothy Wilkerson, the one who played the piano so marvelously!

Delia: Yes, she led the world after challenging Paderewski and putting it all over him.

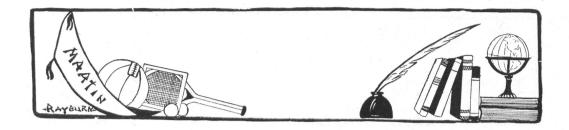
François: Goodness!

Jane: I've heard lots about her. Wasn't there a girl by the name of Ruby Mae—something, that finished in music that year?

Violetta: Yes, Ruby Mae Shoffner, that was my grandmother.

Jane: Did she become famous, too?

Violetta: Yes, but not as a musician, particularly. She was a missionary to Korea. She went to Scarritt with some girl, Midge Ayres, I believe was her name——



Beth: Midge Ayres! Why, Grandmother used to room with her. She became a home missionary and made a wonderful success. But, Grandmother's big subject concerning Martin is Alice Morgan. She went to the University of Chicago with Grandmother and there fell in love with the head of the department of Philosophy and married him. They had worlds of money and their happiness was supreme.

Francois: Goodness! And who was your Grandmother?

Beth: Helen Busch. She got her Ph. D. at the U. of Chicago and held the chair of History there for two years and then she married Grandfather.

Violetta: Grandma used to talk about a girl named Sara Brown Gray. Was she a Senior in '23, too?

Jane: Yeh, she roomed right across the hall from Grandma. She went to New York and then to Paris as the favorite model of the most famous artists at that time.

Francois: Goodness! She was with Beatrice Paisley who was a Beauty specialist in a lovely Beauty Parlor in New York.

Bob: Well, what became of your Grandmother?

Francois: Her name was Tullie Mai Birdsong. She went out west to visit her sister and there fell in love with and married her Uncle Bim and then went to Australia to live. You know that's my home now.

Beth: Well, wasn't she a local student?

Francois: Yes, why?

Beth: What became of those other two town girls, Elise Holland and Edith Whitfield?

Francois: They mysteriously disappeared together and no one ever knew what became of them—not even their parents.

Delia: Oh, I know about Elise. Grandma said that she saw her in a theater in Washington as a wonderful tight-rope-walker.

Beth: Well, what happened to Pauline Stuart?

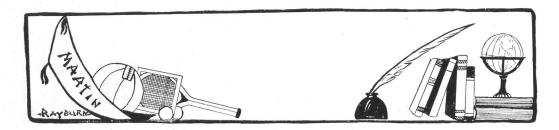
Francois: Oh, she became a first class Baby Specialist in San Francisco.

Bob: Good gracious, that certainly was a famous class.

Violetta: Yes, and I know about some more. Mary Rawls became a great orator and was sent to the Senate of the United States for three terms. And Ethel Hagan became a first-class trained nurse.

Bob: Well, my Grandmother was private secretary to the first woman president of the U.S.

Jane: And girls, do you know that that president was a member of the famous class of '23? She was Vesta Elkins.



Delia: What a wonder class! I think this is so much fun.

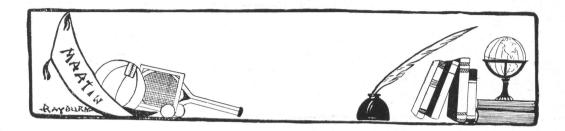
Francois: And I know what'll be more fun! Grandma was class testator and gave me a copy of their will. I'll find it in just a minute (Rummages in a desk) Here it is now.—You read it Violetta, I never could read Grandmother's writing.

Violetta: How you flatter me, but give it here. (She reads.)

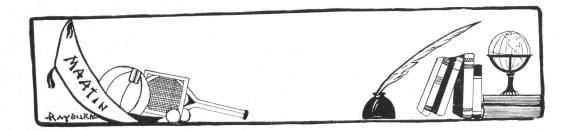
# Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class of 1923

"We, the class of 1923, Martin College, Pulaski, Tennessee, having our mental, moral and spiritual powers brought up to the highest degree possible, by the unexcelled faculty of '23, and realizing that we are soon to tread upon life's road of toil and struggle on which we must all travel to reach the goal beyond, do hereby make our last will and testament, earnestly beseeching that the fulfillment of said will be in accordance with our wishes as herein stated:

- Art. 1. To our beloved president we bequeath the love and appreciation of our grateful hearts for the high and lofty thoughts gained from his chapel lectures.
- Art. 2. To our sister class, the Juniors, we will our Friday night privileges, our good looks and our "relations with the boys on the hill."
- Art. 3. To the next American History class we will our membership to the "Know-nothing Party."
- Art. 4. To the Senior table of 1924, we will, bequeath and devise a fresh bunch of turnip greens and onion tops, also a fresh slice of "Roast Pig" and crackling bread.
- Art. 5. To the "Preps" we will a book of our own publication on "The Art of Basket-Ball Playing."
- Art. 6. To Mrs. Bell we bequeath the remaining Compound Cathartic pills and Sloan's Liniment.
- Art. 7. To Miss Wack we will a fifteen passenger "Double Dekker" with an expert guide.
- Art. 8. To Mrs. Braly we will a new can of "pickled" frogs.
- Art. 9. To Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge we will "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Julius Cæsar" for little Mary's pleasure and delight.
- Art. 10. To Frances Busch we will a cure for love.
- Art. 11. Each member of the class, having articles which she highly treasures, thinks it her scholarly duty to pass them on, therefore she has decided to distribute them as follows:



- Sec. 1. To "little" Mary Parrish, Midge Ayres wills her over abundance of flesh. Also to some member of the student body, Midge leaves the chance to be president of the Student Council.
- Sec. 2. To Miss Gower and Miss Hamilton, Annie Lee Abernathy wills her Pekin blue spring cape and her handsome fur neck piece. She also leaves to all the destined old maids of Martin College an invitation to her old maid houseparty, which is to be in 1943.
- Sec. 3. To Lib Neal, Helen Busch wills her natural curls, so that Lib may have curls even when it rains, and to Julia Fairfield, Helen wills her "Vic"-tory she has won.
- Sec. 4. To Miss Huff and Miss Moss, Nick Hoover wills her lovely table manners, also a pair of far-sighted spectacles.
- Sec. 5. To Adelaide Proctor, Izzy Smith wills her ear rings and ear puffs; also a list of all of the texts that have been preached this year at the Methodist Church.
- Sec. 6. To all future Science classes, Tullie Mai Birdsong wills her red ink absorber, and to the library, she leaves her "Short History of the United States" by Bassett—All important points underscored.
- Sec. 7. To Virginia Nellums, Sara Gray leaves her "José" well jacked with ink.
- Sec. 8. To Mary Robinson, Ruby Mae Shoffner wills her wonderful knowledge of books, and to all who are interested, she and Nick will a book on "Love and How to Win It."
- Sec. 9. To Lucy Paisley, Dot Wilkerson wills her part of Uncle Wiley's time at the pipe organ.
- Sec. 10. To Nelle Patterson, Sarah Puryear leaves her cherished flapper doll, and to Elsie Morgan she wills the remains of her old erasers, for her future use in Spanish.
- Sec. 11. To Josephine Kirby, Alice Morgan wills her wonderful vocal talent, also a chance of receiving American Beauty roses.
- Sec. 12. To Elise Harwell, Mary Rawls wills Annie Bell Hamilton, her sole pleasure and delight. Mary also wills to the Martin College Library a book on "How to Avoid Work."



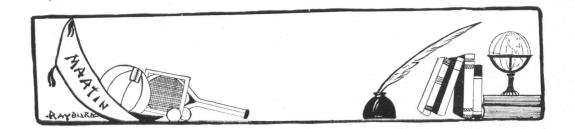
- Sec. 13. To Roberta Everly, Elise Holland wills her unusual power of public speaking, and to Mary Gilbert Ball, she leaves her handsome school costume, (brown sweater and skirt); these are to be worn only on dress-up occasions as they are very fragile.
- Sec. 14. To Ruthie Busch, Vesta Elkins and Pauline Stuart leave their giggle boxes.
- Sec. 15. To her sister Lucy, Beatrice Paisley wills the privilege of riding to dear old Martin, in her "wonderful one-horse shay."
- Sec. 16. To Miss Moss, Ethel Hagan wills her uniform hat, so that Miss Moss won't have to wear her Sunday purple one on her daily strolls.
- Sec. 17. To Eunice Pittard, Edith Whitfield wills her studious habits and her wonderful power of Latin pronounciation.
- Art. 12. We, the Seniors, will the dear old campus a woven wire fence for protection against hens and other two-legged animals.
- Art. 13. To the parlors of Martin and Tennessee Halls, we will some new benches and "settees," large enough for the Mason-Dixon line to be drawn between two occupants.
- Art. 14. Dear as all of our possessions are, our sponsor, Miss Hue, is dearest, and we are unwilling to give her up, but as we cannot take her with us we leave her wholly to "Dave."
- Art. 15. And finally, to the entire student body, we leave our mottos to success: "Definite purpose, right motive and hard work," and "get ready, take time, and stick to it."
  - Signed, Sealed and Witnessed, This Day, the Twenty-third of May, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Three.

T. M. BIRDSONG, Class Testator.

FINIS

-Helen L. Busch, Class Prophet.





# JUNIOR CLASS

Colors: Purple and White

Flower: Violet

Motto: "He conquers, who conquers himself."

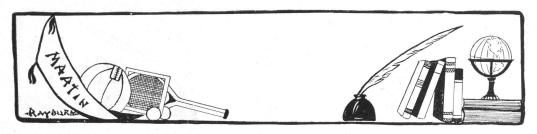
### OFFICERS

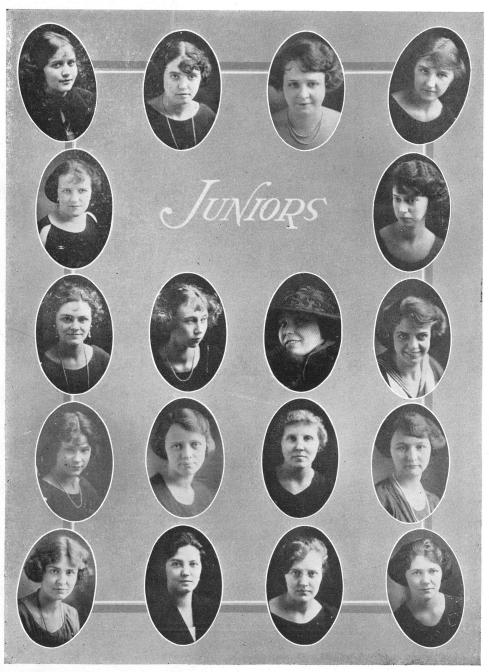
Nelle Patterson	President
Annie Katherine Harwell	Vice-president
Mary Gilbert Ball	Secretary-Treasurer
Mary Elizabeth Rayburn	Prophet
Miss Branham	Sponsor

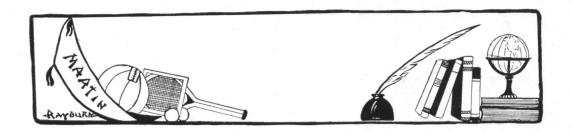
### MEMBERS

Lucile Aiken
Frances Anderson
Mary Gilbert Ball
Claudia Combs
Roberta Everly
Annie Katherine
Harwell

Christine Sullivan Lucile Myers Elizabeth Neal Virginia Nellums Nelle Patterson Eunice Pittard Elizabeth Rayburn Leila Whitfield Mary Youree Josephine Kirby Sallie Youree







# THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1923

Every one has some pet ambition and I am no exception to the rule. It happens that mine was always to be on the Staff of a New York paper. The following is an account of how I attained my goal and my experiences on the way.

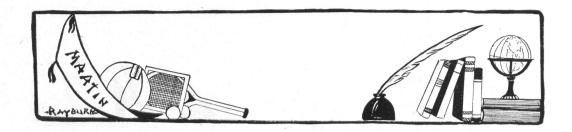
Behold me, then, in 1930, as a cub reporter on the "New York Times!" I had worked long and faithfully, but my Chief was of the sort who requires every one to prove his ability. Consequently, he sent me out to Los Angeles to interview Mlle. Lieuceal Aycheene, the sensational young movie star, who had only recently gained fame. At first glance, the assignment seemed a very delightful one, but Mlle. Aycheene was almost inaccessible. Only one or two members of the newspaper world had ever obtained an interview with her.

As the train reached Los Angeles too late in the afternoon for me to go to Hollywood that day, after finding lodgings, I looked about for entertainment. Everyone seemed to be going to a concert given by two young women, and so I followed the crowd. When I arrived at the theater the eager expectancy of the vast audience quickly conveyed itself to me, and by the time the curtain rose I was on tiptoe with expectancy. Two figures appeared on the stage. One, a slender brown-haired girl seated herself at the piano, and the other—why surely it was Lucile Myers, and, wasn't that girl at the piano Christine Sullivan? The conviction grew upon me all through their wonderful performance, and it was verified when at the close of the program I went back-stage. How proud I was of the two gifted women who had been my classmates!

The next morning found me gritting my teeth and sharpening my weapons preparatory to interviewing Mlle. Aycheene. But if I had any idea that because of my superior charms I would be successful, I was mistaken for I spent the day begging people to send my name in to the lady. At last a little freckle-faced, snaggled-toothed boy undertook the errand while I waited outside with eagerness. He came back almost immediately, grinning from ear to ear.

"The lady says fer yer to come on in. Gee, Lady, y're lucky."

But I didn't think about luck, I only went. A tall, black-haired woman came toward me. But this was no movie star—this was Lucille Aiken! However, a few words sufficed to prove to me that she was both! Needless to say, I got the interview, and incidentally the hoped for appointment.



The gods must have thought that things were coming my way too easily, for the next morning, I awoke with that most irritating and painful thing, a tooth-ache. I immediately went in search of a dentist, preferably a painless one. Just on the corner I saw a sign which gave such glowing promises of painlessness that I went in at once. The attendant there told me that I would have to wait at least an hour because the dentist was so busy. But tooth-aches do not wait, and I turned to go. Something in my face, perhaps a swollen cheek, must have softened her heart for bidding me wait a minute, she disappeared into the inner office, and returned almost immediately followed by a pleasant-faced nurse, who bade me enter.

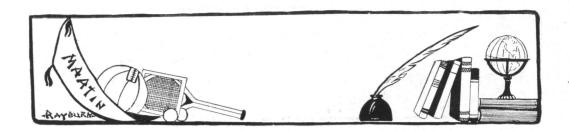
A trim, stately, woman, with her back turned to me, sat writing. Indeed she continued to write while I stood, first on one foot, then on the other. At last with a very professional "Ahem!" Josephine Kirby turned to me!! After we had expressed our surprise at seeing each other she eased my aching tooth and I can truthfully say that it was indeed a painless operation.

When I reached my hotel, I found a telegram from the Chief, congratulating me, it is true, on my success but also ordering me to San Francisco to see a lady who had a Home for Friendless Cats.

A few days later, I took the trolley for "The Home." As I neared the place my heart sank lower, and lower. What if the lady let her cats stay in the front yard? I loathe cats and could not endure the idea of going among them. The place proved to be ideal for its purpose. Beds of catnip almost covered the lawn and around the front doorstep stood a row of saucers, mute evidence of the absent ones. I rang the bell and a whole chorus of meows answered the sound. At last the door opened and Mary Gilbert Ball stood there with a cat on each shoulder while one small black one advanced to meet me!!!

"Take 'em away for goodness sake," I begged.

Mary Gilbert laughed and took them away, then came back to lead me to her office where there were no cats. We talked a long time of cats and dogs and other things. My hostess explained that after she left Martin College, her uncle in Australia died and left her his fortune, and she, being fond of cats, had founded this home for them. Later she went to get me some tea and I sat there thinking of the funny tastes some people have, when I felt something crawling up my back. It was a cat! I knew that, but standing not on the order of my going, I gave one wild scream, and rushed from Catland.



That afternoon, when I had somewhat regained my composure, I started out to explore the queer shops of China town. On the outskirts of that section, I heard some one call my name. I turned to find Nelle Patterson coming toward me leading a little brown-eyed boy by one hand and a little brown-eyed girl by the other. Explanations were certainly in order so after I had explained my presence, Nelle told me that she had married a Methodist minister. They were expecting to go to China soon but at present they were gaining experience from the slums of San Francisco and her husband was taking his Ph. D. at Leland Stanford University. Indeed he was at home now taking care of the baby and working on his thesis at the same time. Nelle invited me to dinner, and we had a delightful time talking over old times. She told me of the success Lelia Whitfield was having as County Superintendent of Giles County, and of what a splendid Domestic Science teacher Eunice Pittard But the most touching and romantic thing she told me was the lot of Roberta Everly. It seems that she had carried out her original plan of becoming a Math. teacher until she met a charming and wealthy young man. But alas! Poor fellow he didn't know how to figure up his income tax. But he succumbed to Roberta's charms and now she always does the figuring for him. Think of being able to do that!!!

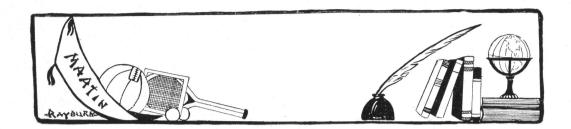
That night, when I reached my lodgings, the first thing to greet me was the now familiar yellow envelope, this time bidding me go to Washington to interview the newest Congresswoman, the Hon. Mrs. Clarence Claude Jones. Stopping only long enough to wire Claudia Combs, an old schoolmate of mine, and now a writer in New York, to meet me there, I set out for Washington. Claudia and I had seen a great deal of each other in New York and I knew that she wanted a typical "lady politician" for a character in the book she was writing.

When I reached the office in Washington I was greeted by the daintiest, most dapper little man I have ever seen. He proved to be a two-in-one; private secretary and husband at the same time.

"My dear lady," he said, "I regret very, very much to have to inform you that Annie Kat—Oh, I beg your pardon,—that the Hon. Mrs. Jones is at present detained in a conference. But I can safely say that she will be with us soon."

While we waited, we talked and at last I realized from the little man's frequent use of the name "Annie Kat" that the Hon. Mrs. Jones was none other than Annie Katherine Harwell.

The days that followed were very pleasant ones for Claudia and me. Our hostess gave us a glimpse of Washington life and the three of us



talked of old acquaintances. It seemed that Elizabeth Neal, the most frivolous of us all was now the best banker in West Point, Tennessee, and Virginia Nellums was making good as the head of the police department of Spring Hill, Tennessee.

At last the Chief gave me a well earned holiday, and I took the train for Tennessee. It was the slowest train I had ever seen. As it neared Franklin it fairly seemed to crawl along. When it stopped there I looked out of the window to watch the people. One man was greeting his family and he was doing it with such relief and joy that I knew his wife must have been gone at least a week. When she turned so that I could see her I found that I was looking into the face of Frances Anderson.

Soon, the Conductor in his usual musical voice sang out,—"Pulaski! All out for Pulaski!" and I was at home. After I could tear myself from my own "folks" I saw Sallie Youree sitting in a huge maroon motor with a poodle beside her. I ran over to greet her and learned that she had married a prominent Pulaski man and was the leading society matron of the town.

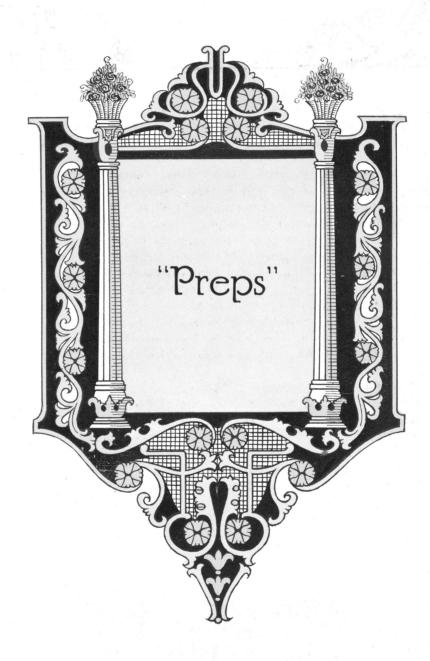
"But Sallie, where's Mary?" I asked.

"Oh she's married, too. You see it was this way. Mary wanted to be a missionary to China, but she met a widower from Nebraska, and fell in love with him. Well this man had ten children and a big ranch so Mary thought she would have plenty of Missionary work always at hand if she married him. They are very happy now.

And thus ends the adventures of the Junior Class of 1923 in the school of hard knocks.

—Elizabeth Rayburn.







### FOURTH YEAR CLASS

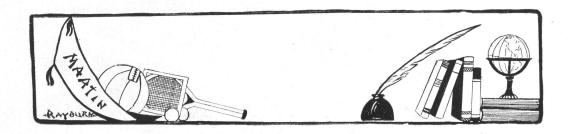
Colors: Green and White. Flower: White Rose Motto: "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be."

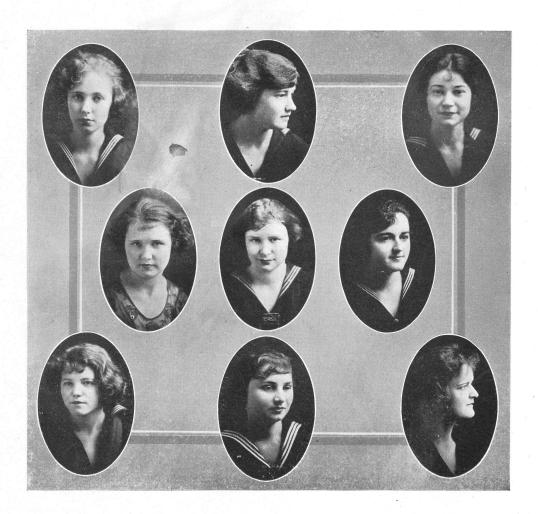
#### **OFFICERS**

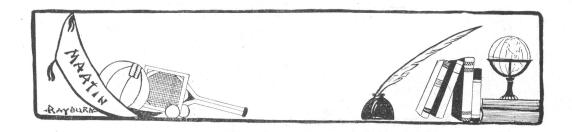
Martha Dobson	President
Mary Dunnivant	Vice-president
Mildred Harwell	Secretary-Treasurer
Berta Finley	Prophet
Miss Cooper	Sponsor

#### MEMBERS

Naomi Bingham Martha Dobson Mary Dunnivant
Berta Finley Katherine Green Mary Hamilton
Annie Belle Hamilton Elise Harwell Mildred Harwell
Elizabeth Long Mary Alice Turrentine Willie Kate Williams







### FOURTH YEAR CLASS PROPHECY

Paris, France, March 1, 1938.

Dearest Naomi:—Congratulations old dear! Today not only Paris, but all Europe is aglow over your approaching visit for your fame as a

coloratura-soprano has been heralded in advance of your coming.

Since leaving Martin I've traveled all over the world but am now settled in the Latin quarter of Paris, struggling to become an artist. Sometimes I get desperately tired of this bob-haired, freakish, Bohemian, crowd but, hoping for success, I keep on and on and on. I have learned that many of the Fourth year class have become famous. Notable among women sculptors is our Mildred Harwell. Some of her statues were shown last year in the Societie de Beaux Arts, and were highly praised by critics.

I have just noticed in the New York World that Annie Belle Hamilton is a candidate for President and Elise Harwell is her campaign manager. I imagined that these old chums would eventually become politicians.

Our sponsor, Miss Cooper, is President of Leipzig Conservatory. visited her last autumn and found that she now weighs over two hundred pounds but nothing can ever change her sweet, charming, personality. She told me that she had just returned from America. While visiting Pulaski she learned that Mary Dunnivant and G. L. Kelly had converted Martin and Massey into a co-educational school which is one of the best in America. Kathryn Green, disappointed in love, has taken charge of the English department in Mary's and G. L.'s school, as a soothing occupation for her declining years.

Did you know that Elizabeth Long is a missionary to Africa? This surprised me but she is well adapted for that character of work as she

makes friends easily and always has a good influence over them.

Last Thursday, while shopping I met Martha Dobson. It took me fifteen minutes to recognize her for her hair is "black as the raven's wing." I wonder if it is due to sage tea or these clever Parisian "coifferuettes." She and Leland Jordan, who are enjoying marital bliss, invited me out to dinner next Monday. Afterwards we will see the greatest dancer in the world, Madame "Meandering" alias Mary Hamilton. She has just returned from South America where she took the country by storm with her wonderful Egyptian dance, the "Hamilton Heathenesque."

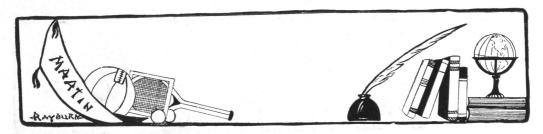
Martha informed me that Willie Kate Williams and Bob Bronough, now on their honeymoon in the Sahara Desert, are going to stop in France

on their way home.

Mary Alice and William Woodfin have been married five years and are still living in their picturesque cabin on the Klondike. I frequently see pictures and accounts of their wonderful marksmanship in the leading newspapers.

I fear that this letter has become tiresome to you but I thought you might be interested in your old classmates. I'm holding my breath until you come. I will be "heap much" delighted to see you.

Beaucoup d' amour, BERTHA, Bon voyage!

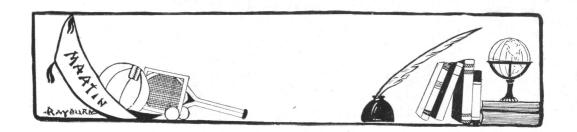




### THIRD YEAR CLASS

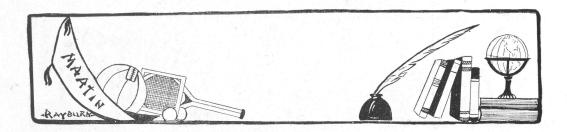
Colors: Brown and Gold Flower: Buttercup
Motto: "Nothing but the best."

Mary Robertson	President
Elsie Morgan	Vice-president
Madge Young	Secretary-Treasurer
Miss Townes	Sponsor



# THIRD YEAR INVENTORY

NAME KNOWN AS- FAME RESTS ON— FAMILIAR SAYING—
Mary Robertson "Billy"Her Opinions "Peter Dick"
Elsie Morgan"Squeak" Her Frisco"Oh, Nick!"
Madge Young"Blackie"Her Drug-store color"I'll be dog-goned."
Margaret Boxley"Maggie K."Her "line""This is Mrs. Bell."
Lucile Pennington? ? ?Seclusion"Oh, yes you can."
Julia Fairfield"Judy"
Rebecca Orr"Beccy"Her figure"Oh, Dear!"
Lillian Harwell"Gordy"Big words"I'll Swanee!"
Mary Childress"Foots" Nimble feet"Just plain don't"
Edna Stroud "Eddie" Silence "Oh, gosh!"
Mildred Kimbrough? ? ?Pictures of Rodolph ."Rodolph!"
Mary Parrish"Mary P."Devotion to Cicero"I want you to know."
Winnie B. Parrish "Winnette" Sweet smile"—or somep'n like that."
Katie Lou Bonner ."Katie"Pulling up sleeves"Hot-dog."
Nelle Jones"Jay Bird"Shyness"Honey!"
Lucy Paisley"Lucy Fry P."Her Blush"Consarn!"
Allie Yarborough "Allie D. Y." Long distance "Ain't nobody's darlin."
Maggie Hooper? ? ?
Ruby Anderson? ? ?





### SECOND YEAR CLASS

Colors: Blue and Grey Flower: Pansy Motto: "We never get too much of a good thing."

#### OFFICERS

#### MEMBERS

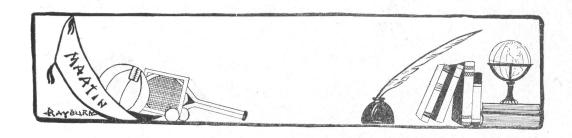
Mary Louise Aymett
Effic Forrester
Mabel Leidig
Adelaide Proctor

Frances Jean Busch Grace Gentry

Willie Emma Moore Margaret Rice

Florence May

Louise French
Ellen Gilbert
Anita Nethery
Anna Ruth Stroud





# FIRST YEAR CLASS

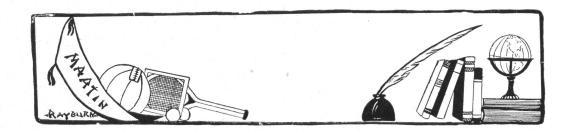
Colors: Brown and Gold. Flower: Brown-eyed Susans Motto: "Non solum nobis."

#### OFFICERS

Christine Kimery	President
Mary Clare Harwood	Secretary
Ruthie Busch	Treasurer

#### MEMBERS

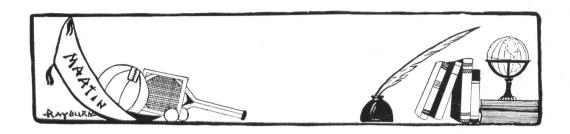
Mary Roberts	Annie May Jones	Josephine Martin
Ruth Busch	Jane Zuccarello	Roberta Morris
Clarice Buford	Christine Kimery	Harriet Murray
Alberta Harris	Johanna Long	Mattie Lee Williams
Mary Clare Harwood	Cornelia Leech	



# WHO'S WHO AT MARTIN

Prettiest	Claudia Combs
Wittiest	Nick Hoover
Most Popular	Nick Hoover
Cutest	Mildred Harwell
Neatest	Midge Ayres
Brainiest	Sarah Puryear
Most Influential	Isadore Smith
Most Affected	Annie Kat Harwell
Best Pals	Naomi Bingham, Berta Finley
Biggest Chatterbox	Ruthie Busch
Quietest	Mary Rawls
Most Dignfied	Mary Youree
Biggest Vamp	Madge Young
Most in Love	Jean Busch
Heaviest Eater	Mary Robertson
Skinniest	Midge Ayres
Fattest	Mary Parrish
Best All Round	Nick Hoover
Girl Who Has Done	Most for MartinNick Hoover





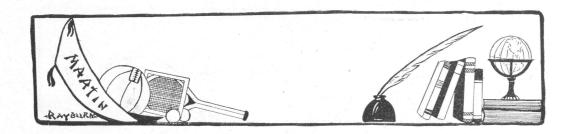


### MR. ELDRIDGE'S CLASS

Frances Anderson
Lucile Arney
Mary Louise Aymett
Mary Gilbert Ball
Naomi Bingham
Margaret Boxley
Helen Busch
Mary Dunnivant
Berta Finley

Grace Gentry
Ellen Gilbert
Annie Belle Hamilton
Memorie Gray Holt
Christine Kimery
Virginia Long
Cornelia Leech
Alice Morgan
Elizabeth Neal
Lucile Wisdom

Lucy Paisley
Winnie Belle Parrish
Mary Parrish
Lucile Pennington
Mary Rawls
Ruby May Shoffner
Christine Sullivan
Dorothy Wilkerson
Mattie Lee Williams



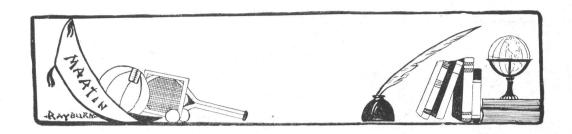


### MISS COOPER'S CLASS

Miss Aiken
Helen Busch
Ethel Birdsong
Margaret Boxley
Miss Branham
Mary Dunnivant
Miss Gower
Miss Hamilton

Mildred Kimbrough
Esther Littrell
Roberta Morris
Rebecca Orr
Mildred Pettit
Rebekah Porter
Teresa Patterson
Winnie Bell Parrish

Mary Parrish
Mary Robertson
Mr. Ramsey
Christine Sullivan
Paisley Schackerford
Christine Short





# VOICE AND EXPRESSION CLASSES

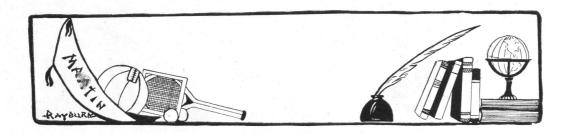
VOICE MISS KIRSCH

Lucile Arney
Mrs. Birdsong
Miss Branham
Mary Childress
Mary Dunnivant
Clyde Hatfield
Alice Morgan
Roberta Morris

Elizabeth Neal
Sallie Youree
Lucile Wisdom

EXPRESSION
MISS HUE

Frances Busch
Mary Childress
Annie Belle Hamilton
Memorie Gray Holt
Maggie Hooper
Emma Kimbrough
Lucile Myers
Rebecca Orr
Nelle Patterson
Edna Stroud
Alice Williams



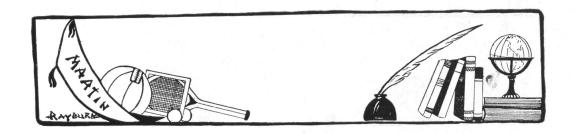


### ART CLASS

#### MISS TOWNES

Ruth Busch
Frances Birdsong
Louise Birdsong
Claudia Combs
Berta Finley
Hugh Gardner
Mildred Harwell

Christine Kimery
Frances May
Rebekah Porter
Rebecca Porter
Mary Elizabeth Rayburn
Miss Wack
Willie Kate Williams





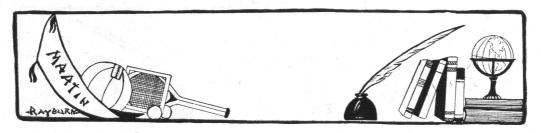
# COMMERCIAL CLASS

MISS GOWER

Annie Lee Abernathy
Frances Busch
Berta Finley
Julia Fairfield

Effie Forrester
Annie Belle Hamilton
Miss Peebles
Isadore Smith

Louise Williams



### ONLY A GYPSY

Only the big yellow moon, which looked down from the heavens upon a little tear-stained, brown face knew the anguish in the soul of the little gypsy maid who kept her lonely vigil on the slope of the lofty mountain.

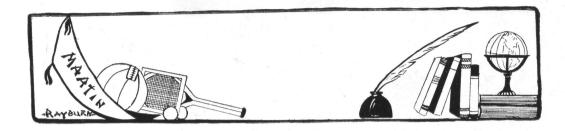
Down in the valley below her was a newly made grave. Only a few days before, Pepita had looked on the face of her dear mother for the last time. She had stood by with her little brothers and sisters and had seen her father throw the clods of dirt on the lifeless form wrapped in strips of bright colored cloth. Pepita knew that the big moon which shone on her was shining on the solitary grave not far away. This fact seemed to make the moon dearer to her. The tired father and the other little ones were fast asleep; there was no one to comfort the gypsy girl. Pepita knew nothing of God but she wondered if the one who made the moon which seemed to look upon her so kindly would not lay his comforting hand on her troubled heart. The little girl sat there with her chin resting on her folded arms until sleep rested his heavy hand on the weary eye lids.

When Pepita awoke the smiling moon was gone, and the gypsy wagon was rolling along the winding road of the mountain. She talked very little during the morning. In her soul there was a longing for something, she knew not what. The brothers and sisters wondered why she did not tell them a story as was her custom. Pepita was the oldest of six children, and now she must be the little mother of them all. Soon the wagon stopped at a clear, sparkling spring and they got out to prepare the breakfast. The little mother continued silent. The father was busy with his own sorrowful thoughts and did not notice that the usually bright, cheerful, little daughter had nothing to say. After breakfast was over, they were soon piled in the wagon and went on their way to the village at the foot of the mountain. When they came into the edge of the village the father left the wagon with the little ones in it and led the horses after him into the village to trade them. Pepita was left to care for the other children.

A gypsy's trading expedition is a matter of much time and many delays and the children had a long, tiresome period of waiting for the father's return. Pepita persuaded the little ones to go to sleep, but she could not rest herself. After hours of waiting, she climbed out of the wagon and strolled around to see what she could find to amuse herself. Aimlessly she walked on until she came to a high fence. There was a small hole near the top of it. She raised herself on tip-toes and peeped through. She saw a kitchen garden, and near the back door, a tree loaded with large red apples. How good they would taste to a hungry wanderer! Pepita walked along by the fence until she saw a gate. She lifted the latch and slipped in. Soon she was in the tree picking the apples. Suddenly a rough voice said: "Come down from there, you little thief." Pepita looked down and two harsh-blue eyes were staring straight into hers. She had never encountered a look like that before. The only things that she knew as blue as those eyes were the little mountain streams, and the summer sky, but they were her dearest friends and companions and were always friendly and kind. No one had ever scolded her before. What did it mean? The large brown eyes sparkled and a smile stole over the little face.

"How dare you smile at me like that?" said the big man. "Don't you know I can have you put in jail for stealing?"

"But," said Pepita "would you harm a little girl who has no dear mamma to love her and care for her? A kind lady told me God needed my mamma in Heaven and He took her. I don't know who God is, but He knows best."



The man's heart softened for the first time since his own mother's death. He had been very devoted to her, and when she died he felt that God had been unjust in taking her away. His heart was changed after her death, and he had never spoken a kind word to any one except his faithful old dog. He lived alone in his splendid mansion, with no companions except a tender-hearted old nurse who kept house for him, and overlooked all his ill-nature, and an old bird-dog, whom he called Patsy. He cared for no companions except Patsy, who was constantly at his side. There was something in the little girl's smile and her tender eyes that made him stop and think. This little gypsy girl, too, had lost a mother and it had not made her harsh and wicked. Pepita wondered what the man could be thinking of as he stood there with his eyes cast upon the ground. After some minutes he looked up at her and said, "Come down and tell me vour name."

"But you will lock me in the big jail," said Pepita.

"Oh, I had forgotten all about the jail, there's something else I'm thinking of." Pepita came down from the tree and walked beside the man to the steps of the porch where they sat down. Then Pepita said: "I thought you wanted to know my name?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Pepita is my name, and what is yours?"

"Waldo Hunt. Now tell me about the dear mother who has gone away and left

you," said Waldo.

Pepita told him all about her mother, her father, and brothers and sisters. Then she told him, in her childish way, of the longing in her soul for this something that she did not understand. Waldo sat motionless while the little gypsy talked and kept his eyes fixed upon some distant object. There was something in the child's words that soothed and comforted his tired soul. Just then a voice was heard calling, "Pepita, Pepita." "That's my father," exclaimed the child. "I had forgotten," and before Waldo

realized it she was gone.

There were many things he wanted to say to the little girl but it was too late. She had charmed him with her childish prattle of age-old mysteries and for some time When he roused himself to action, he rushed to the gate and he was motionless.

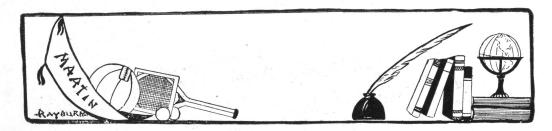
pushed it open. He looked all around but Pepita was not in sight.

The gypsy father hugged his little girl to his bosom very closely. everywhere for her and it was growing dark. After all were safely in the wagon again they made their way back to the mountains. When the wagon had stopped for the night, Pepita looked out of the side of it and there was her friend, the big moon, looking softly down upon her. She could not look at it long tonight for after a day of so much excitement she was very sleepy. She laid her head on a bundle of rags, used for a pillow, and soon was fast asleep. That night Pepita saw those large blue eyes in her sleep; this time they were not harsh but very kind and tender.

After Pepita left Waldo, he got up and went into the house, but still the little face troubled him. He told himself that it was foolish to give any more thought to her and he tried to cast her from his mind. It was not so easily done as he thought; he could not forget the expression in those eyes. Days went on, but still he found it impossible

to forget.

One night Waldo took his mother's picture from a drawer in the table. He had not looked at it since her death. As he looked into the sweet, serious eyes of the picture, he thought that if the little gypsy who did not know God would believe that all was well, even though her mother was gone from her, surely he, who had been taught about Him by his dear mother, ought to believe that He knows best. This thought comforted him. Then he thought of what Pepita had said about the longing in her soul for something which she could not understand. Could he not help her to find this something? But she was gone and he knew not where. That night Waldo Hunt knelt by his bedside and prayed for the first time in many years. He prayed for little Pepita and that he might be able to find her.



Months soon lengthened into years, while Waldo was seeking and hoping to find Pepita again. During these years, Pepita was still with her father in the gypsy wagon traveling over the mountain slopes and valleys. As she grew older, she began to realize that she wanted to paint the beauties of nature, the things that she saw every day and knew so well. Could her dream ever be realized? Not as long as she remained in the gypsy wagon. But she knew nothing of the ways of the world and had no one to help her. She had no home except the wagon, and if she did have one she wouldn't know how to adapt herself to it. When she reasoned the thing out she saw no hope for herself, but something seemed to be whispering to her all the time and telling her

that some day it would be as she wished.

One day Waldo and Patsy went far into the mountains to hunt. As they were walking along a winding path, they came upon a number of children gathered around a man lying on the ground. As Waldo came closer he saw that they were gypsies. The children were crying and the eldest was trying to comfort them. The father was dead. Waldo asked if there was anything he could do. The eldest girl looked up at him and he at once recognized the face he had so long hoped to see again. His chance had come to help the little gypsy who had roused him from his lethargy and changed his life. After Waldo had helped the sad, little children to bury their father beside the mother, he put them in the wagon which stood nearby and drove with them toward the village. He kept them with him several days, then he took the smallest ones to an orphans' home, but kept Pepita with him. He told her that she should remain with him and he would help her to be whatever she wished to be. Then she told him of her desire to be a great artist.

"Little gypsy," he said, "thoughts of you have meant much to me during these

years, and I'm willing to give my all to bring your dream to realization." Pepita lifted

his hand to her lips and kissed it as a token of her appreciation.

Waldo bought for her The old housekeeper was very kind to the little orphan. some new clothes, such as other girls have. When, after a few weeks, she was sent away to the city to study under the tutorship of a great artist, the bright face was missed very much by the two occupants of the big house on the hill. Waldo looked

forward to the days when his little gypsy would be with him again.

When summer came it brought Pepita back to Waldo. They spent hours of each day together. Often Pepita felt that she must get close to mother-nature; for nature had been a mother to the gypsy since her own dear mother's death. Waldo always walked with her into the woods. Many times she took her canvas and paints with her, and he would always sit near her and hold her paints. When she worked they never talked. He was happy just to be near her. Pepita's heart awoke and began whispering to her consciousness, but she hushed its stirrings for she had no idea that the white man could ever think of a gypsy girl in any way except as a true friend, who wanted

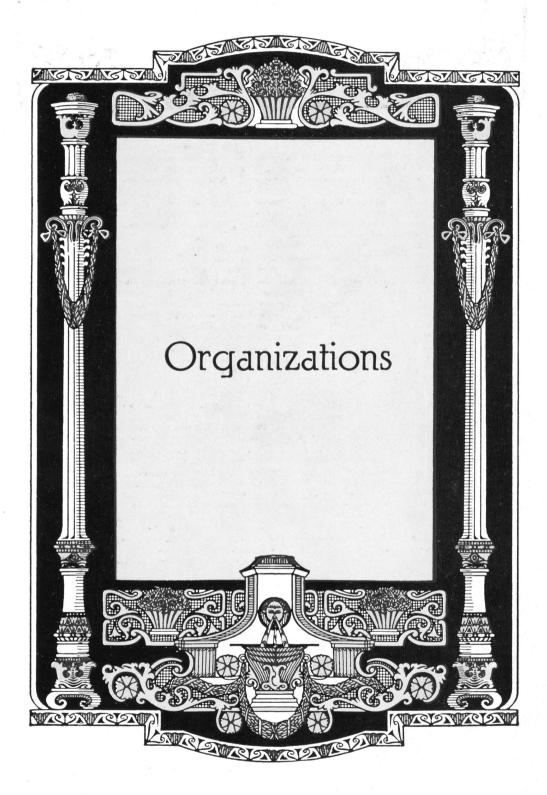
to help her.

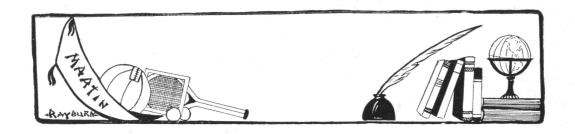
Some weeks passed in this happy companionship. At last there came a beautiful summer evening; the little birds were almost bursting their tiny throats with song. Pepita was going away in a few days to take up her work as an art teacher. She wished to go once more to her mother's and father's graves. Waldo wanted to go with her but she said she would rather be alone. After she had gone he could not refrain from following her, and so he walked quietly behind her. There was something he must say this was his last chance. When Pepita reached the dear graves, she knelt down between them, and her head seemed to bow beneath all the sorrow her young life had Waldo was standing in the distance, watching her every movement. heart could be stilled no longer. He walked slowly up to the place where she was kneeling and lifted her into his arms and pressed a kiss on the beautiful eyes filled with tears. Pepita drew away from him in astonishment and stood a moment staring deep into his soul. Her untutored instincts could read what was written there and she saw only truth and fidelity. "Mr. Hunt, do you remember that I'm only a gypsy girl?" she said, scarcely believing what she saw.
"Pepita," he answered, "can't you see, haven't you known all the time that I love

If you were ten thousand times a gypsy girl that could make no difference.

He stretched out his arms and Pepita was soon locked safely within them. grown dark, and the same big moon peeped over the mountain top. Pepita, lifting her face from Waldo's shoulder gazed into the face of her life-long friend, and she felt that it smiled a benediction upon her love.

—MIDGE AYRES. that it smiled a benediction upon her love.

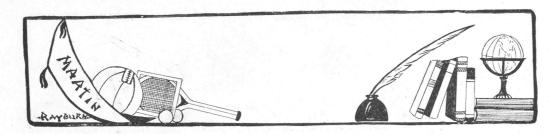


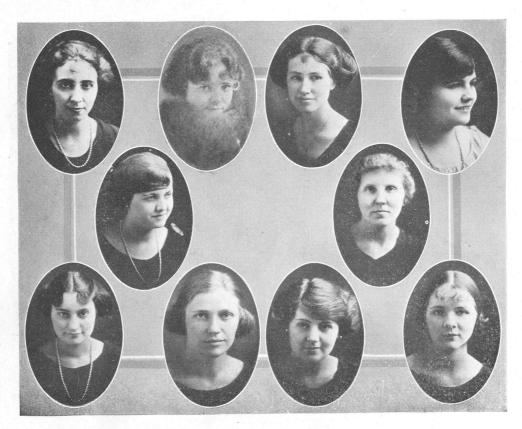




# STUDENT COUNCIL

FIRST TERM		SECOND TER	M
Midge Ayres	President	Midge Ayre	es
Nick HooverFirst	Vice-President	Nick Hoove	er
Vesta ElkinsSecond V	Vice-PresidentAnni	e Lee Abernath	ıy
Elise HollandThird	Vice-President	Elise Hollan	ıd
Ethel Hagan	Secretary	Sarah Puryea	ar
Ruby Mae Shoffner	MonitorRu	by Mae Shoffne	er
Sarah Puryear	MonitorV	irginia Nellum	ıs
Mary Alice Turentine	MonitorMary	Alice Turentin	ıe
Annie Lee Abernathy	Monitor	Ethel Haga	n

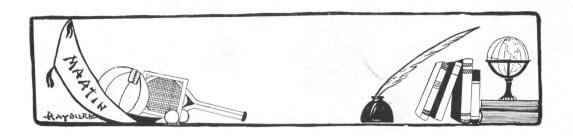


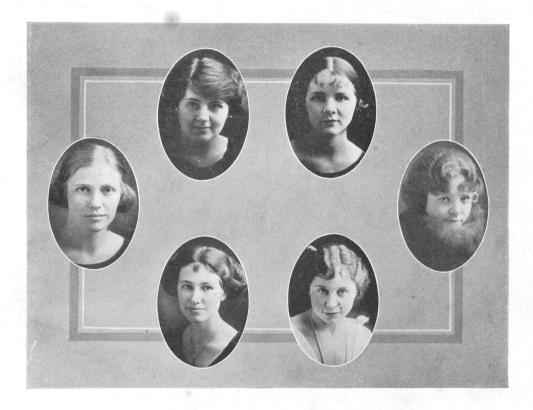


# Y. W. C. A. CABINET

OI I	ICHIE
Ruby Mae Shoffner	President
Mary Youree	Vice-President
Alice Morgan	Secretary
Ethel Hagan	Treasurer
Mary Rawls	Assistant Treasurer
Mrs. G. A. Morgan	Faculty Advisor
WITS. G. A. WIUI gall	Wedity 220112002

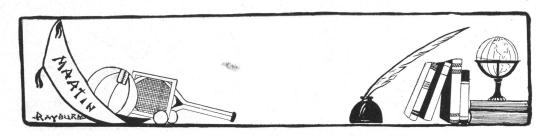
Сн	AIRMEN OF COMMITTEES
Nick Hoover	Chairman Social Committee
Sarah Puryear	Chairman Social Service Committee
Isadore Smith	Chairman Publicity Committee
Helen Busch	Chairman Program Committee
Midge Avres	Chairman World Fellowship Committee





# SIGMA PHI LITERARY SOCIETY

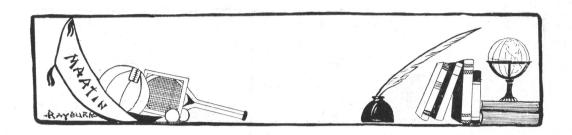
FIRST TERM		SECOND TERM
Nick Hoover	President	Nick Hoover
Isadore Smith	Vice-President	Sarah Puryear
Midge Ayres	Secretary	Midge Ayres
Helen Busch	Treasurer	Sara Gray

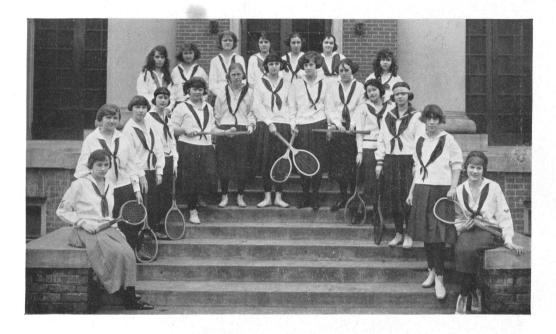




### PHI KAPPA LITERARY SOCIETY

FIRST TERM		SECOND TERM
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Annie Lee Abernathy	Vice-President	Nelle Patterson
Elise Holland	Secretary	Tullie Mai Birdsong
Mary Youree	Treasurer	Annie Lee Abernathy

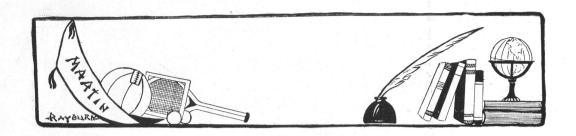




### TENNIS CLUB

Naomi Bingham
Frances Busch
Helen Busch
Ruth Busch
Martha Dobson
Berta Finley
Sara Gray
Annie Belle Hamilton
Annie Katherine Harwell
Lillian Gordon Harwell

Mildred Harwell
Nick Hoover
Christine Kimery
Elsie Morgan
Rebecca Orr
Mary Rawls
Margaret Rice
Mary Robertson
Ruby Mae Shoffner
Madge Young

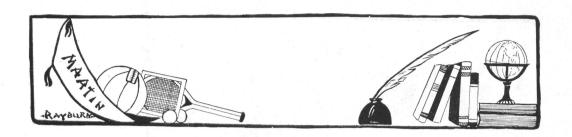




# COLLEGE BASKET BALL TEAM

### Captain—Nick Hoover

Annie Katherine Harwell	Right Forward
Tullie Mai Birdsong	Left Forward
Alice Morgan	Right Guard
Nick Hoover	Left Guard
Helen Busch	Center
Sara Gray	Sub-Forward
Frances Anderson	Sub-Guard

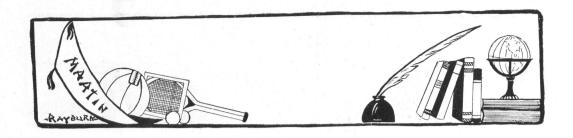


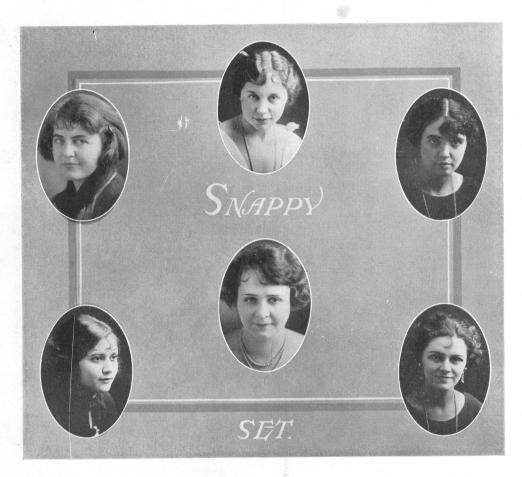


# PREP BASKET BALL TEAM

### Captain—Mary Robertson

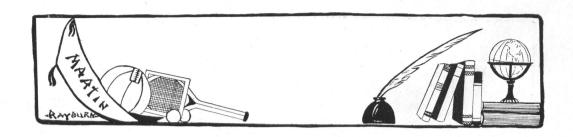
Elsie Morgan	Right Forward
Adelaide Proctor	Left Forward
Julia Fairfield	Right Guard
Mary Robertson	Left Guard
Madge Young	Center
Ruth Busch	Sub-Forward
Lillian Gordon Harwell	Sub-Guard

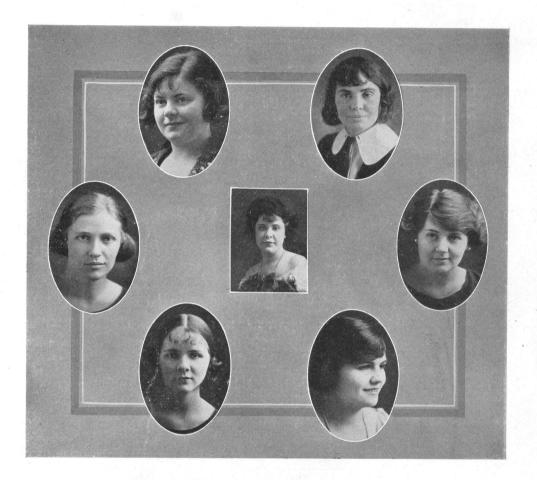




Mary Childress	"Bee"	Wittiest	Best Sport
그 집중 마루어 없는 사람들이 있는 그렇지?	"Fudge"		
Sara Gray	"Snooks"	Darlingest	Most Popular
Elizabeth Neal		Prettiest	Heart-Breaker
Virginia Nellums			Best-Hearted
Christine Sullivan			Romantic
		ОТТО	

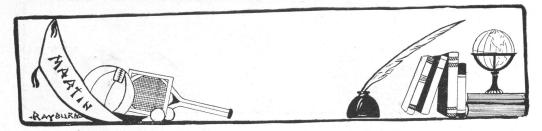
"If Fate deals you a Lemon; Start a fruit-stand with it."





# THE A. B. C.'s

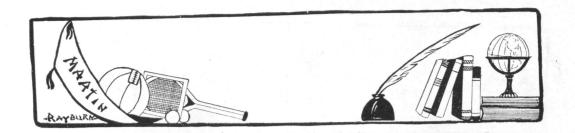
Dorothy Wilkerson	Dot
Sarah Puryear	Sally
Isadore Smith	Izzy
Alice Morgan	Peggy
Elsie Morgan	Squeak
Annie Mae Hoover	Nick
Miss Hue	Effie

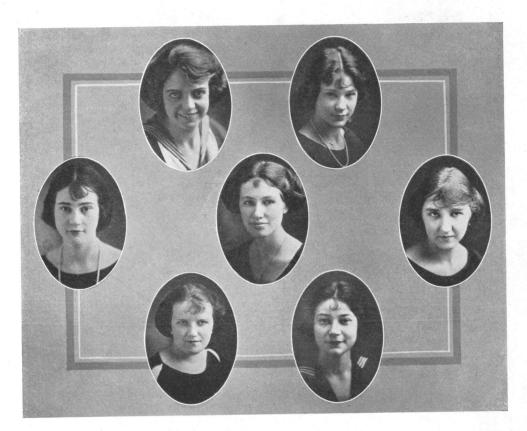




# H. S. H. CLUB

Motto—"Stop, Look, and Listen" Time—Anytime Place—Anyplace Flower—Four O'clock		
OFFICERS		
PresidentWillie Kate Williams		
Vice-President Frances Jeannette Busch		
Secretary Frances Christine Kimery		
TreasurerEleanor Louise French		
MEMBERS		
Frances Jeanette Busch"Jean"		
Ruth Morrison Busch""Ruthie"		
Eleanor Louise French "Frenchie"		
Frances Christine Kimery"Chris"		
Willie Emma Moore"Willie"		
Willie Kate Williams"Bill"		
Mattye Lee Williams"Chick"		
HONORARY MEMBERS		
N E H "Hank"		
T S		
C. D. "Cos"		



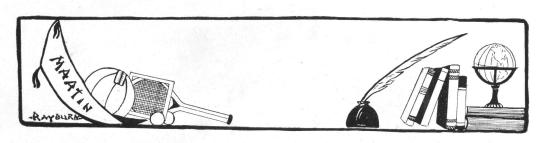


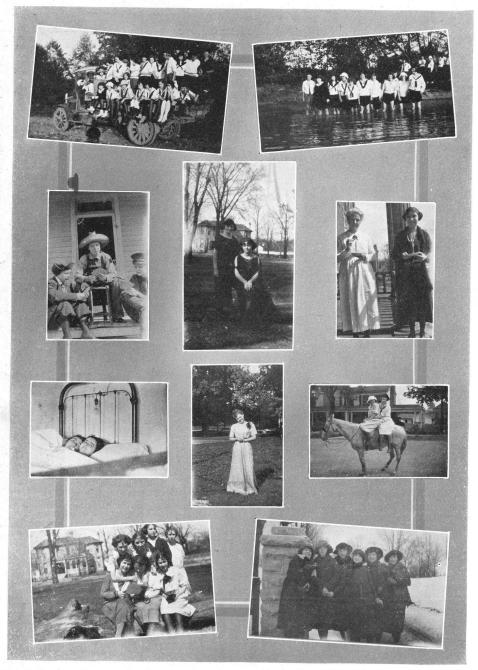
# S. S. AND G. CLUB

Midge Ayres	President
Annie Kat Harwell Vic	e President
Nelle Paterson	Secretary
Nelle Paterson	Treasurer
Josephine Kirby	ministrator
Frances AndersonManager of "Mr. Gallagher and	Mr. Sneen
Mildred Harwell	Ponceman

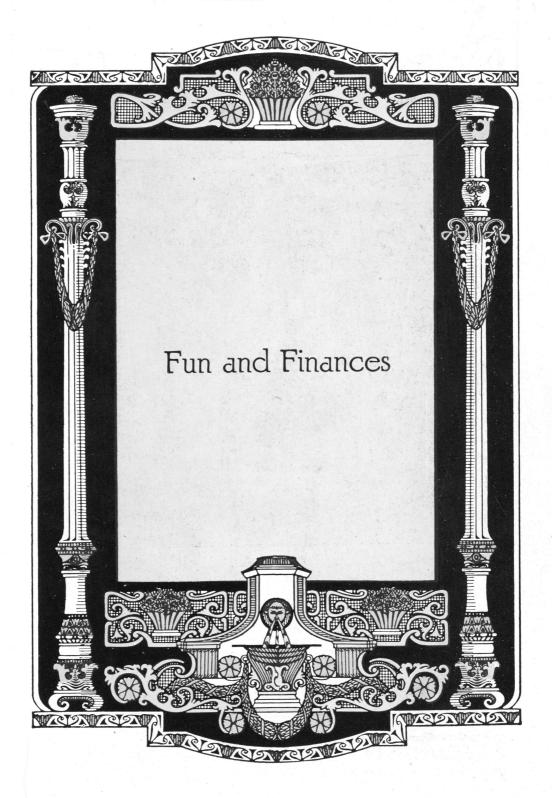
#### FAVORITES

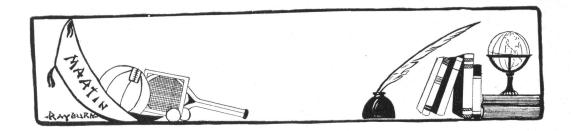
Favorite dishes	Sugar, salt, and goo-goos
- ' ' ' ' ' '	Skating, singing, and gossiping
T 111	"Sheik." Shakespeare," and "Ghosts"
Favorite tonics	Scandal, sports, and Glasgow
T '1	Sweater, Skirts, and garosnes
Favorite men	Swift, single, and gay





CAMPUS SCENES





### FUN

#### THE ANNUAL

We beg, we drudge, We make and sell fudge, Money's needed for what? Oh! the annual.

We plan, we think,
We don't sleep a wink,
We want money! Oh yes
For the annual.

We work, we slave, One foot in the grave, And still money's needed For the annual.

We act, we sing,
We sell every thing
For money—more money,
For the annual.

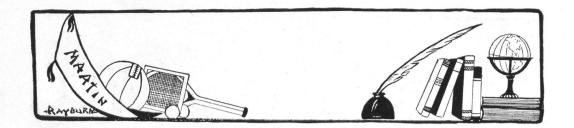
We toil, we pray,
We do sums all day,
To reduce the expense
Of the annual.

—I. S.

CAN YOU IMAGINE— Nick without a grin?

Elsie tall and thin?

Sallie on the delinquent list? Katie Lou Bonner "raising a kick?" Dr. Morgan, a "knot on a stick?" By Tullie Mai a question missed? Miss Feagin with a cocked-hat? Miss Moss short and fat? Gordie big and rough? Midget trying to bluff? Mr. Eldridge named "Sweet Willie?" Isadore giggling and silly? Berta and Naomi apart? Jean with a broken heart? A minute talk with Mrs. Bell? A Martin girl giving a yell? Madge Young more beguiling? Mary Dunnivant smiling? Ruthie solemn and grave? Miss Hue without her "Dave?" Florida without Tallahassee? Martin without Massey? Dining room without Squeaky doors? Martin with the Seniors?—H. L. B.



Dave: "Are you dining anywhere Sunday?"

Miss Hue: "Why—er—no."

Dave: "My won't you be hungry Monday?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Hoover: "What's this 50 on your report?"

Nick: "Dad, that is—er—er—that must be the temperature of the room."

\* \* \*

Berta: "I just got a letter from home this morning."

Naomi: "How much?"

\* \* \*

Miss Peebles: "Now, I want you to draw your conclusions at the end of the paper."

Annie Kat: "Miss Peebles, I never could draw."

\* \* \*

Little Emma: "Alice, why do you always pull down the shades when Wiley comes?"

Alice: "So the light won't go out."

\* \* \*

Pauline: "What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Alice: "It was built during the famine."

\* \* \*

Midge: "Football is such a messy game. How do the boys ever get clean?"

Martha: "They have a scrub team I hear."

\* \* \*

"I'll bite, what is it?" said the mosquito to his mate, as they landed on the wax model.

\* \* \*

Helen testifies: Midget in bed effects not as much as a wrinkle in the counterpane.

\* \* \*

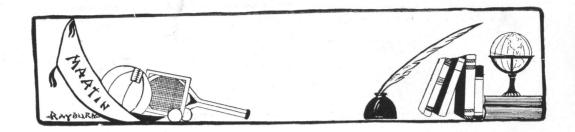
Miss Branham (before exam. in English): "If you try to think of the author's characteristics, you will probably pick out the right man. Just think of the men."

Mary Dunnivant (from the rear): "But mother said I must not think of men just yet."

\* \* \*

E. Long: "What bell was that?"

M. Boxley: "The one right up there on the wall."



Dot: "Don't you think Tosti's 'Goodby' is thrilling?" Effie: "Why, my dear, he has never called on me."

Dick: "Dear, I must marry you." Elizabeth: "Have you seen father?"

Dick: "Sure, but I love you just the same."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Eldridge: "The students were so entranced this morning that they remained in my lecture room through lunch hour."

Miss Gower: "Why didn't you wake them up?"

\* \* \*

Miss Wack: "That is the fourth time you have looked on Sally's paper, stop it!"

Elsie: "Yeh, but Sally is such a punk writer."

Edna: "Do you know how the rats get in here?"

Flo: "Naw."

Edna: "Uh-huh."

Mrs. Braly: "Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have 100 years ago?"

Ruthie: "Me."

\* \*

Annie Lee: "Have you read 'Ivanhoe'?"

Ethel: "No, those Russian novels bore me."

\* \* \*

Alden: "Would you accept a pet monkey?"

Sara Gray: "Oh, I would have to ask father. This is so sudden."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Braly: "The class will now name some of the lower animals, starting with Lucile."

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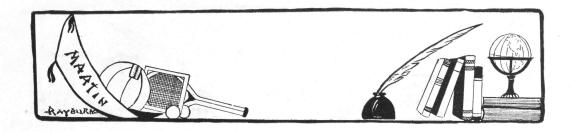
Margaret Rice: "Don't you know why I refused you?"

Bradley: "I can't think."

M. Rice: "You guessed it."

Fred: "Je t'adore."

Madge: "Shut it yourself."



Mrs. Braly: "What is the most common kind of frog?"

Mary Roberts: "Leap Frog."

\* \* \*

Miss Wack: "Tell me about Farragut's attack on New Orleans?"

Sara Gray: "I can't remember it."

Miss Wack: "Neither can I."

\* \* \*

Miss Moss: "Now, Mary Louise, can you tell me what this passage means?"

Mary Louise: "I am sorry, Miss Moss, but I don't know it either."

Dot: "You are the first man I have ever permitted to kiss me."

Matt: "And you are the first girl I have ever kissed. Will you marry me?"

Dot: "I wouldn't marry a liar."

Matt: "I would."

\* \* \*

Ellen: "How do you like Alexander's Cafeteria?"

Christine: "Never read it. What's it about?"

\* \* \*

Virginia: "Is it a sign of intelligence to be wide between the ears?"

Claudia: "Yes-but not thick!"

\* \* \*

Christine: "Who is your favorite author?"

Mary Childress: "My father."

Christine: "And what did he write?"

Mary: "Checks."

\* \* \*

Dot: "I just put my hand on a hot iron. What must I do?"

Sally: "Read Carlyle's 'Essay on Burns'."

\* \* \*

Izzy: "I put my whole mind into the poem."

Miss Hue: "Evidently. I see that it is blank verse."

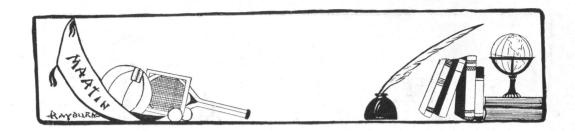
\* \* \*

Mrs. Braly: "Can any girl tell me what three foods are required to keep the body in health?"

Julia (excited): "Yes'm, I can, breakfast, dinner and supper."

\* \* \*

Dr. Morgan: "There is nothing worse than to be old and broken." Chorus: "Yes, Dr. Morgan,—to be young and broke."



Mrs. Bell: "Girls, I'm afraid it is too late for you to be sitting on the ground."

Adelaide: "Why, Mrs. Bell, it is only 2 o'clock."

Annie Belle: "You are 15 minutes late. What do you mean keeping me standing around like a fool?"

Mary Rawls: "I can't help the way you stand."

J. J. J. Wilker's (Minor Dooms'?)

Frances Anderson: "Who wrote Milton's 'Minor Poems'?" Josephine: "Spenser."

× × ×

A sympathetic father-in-law: "Is your new son-in-law a good provider?"

Mr. Busch: "Vic just about keeps Helen in gloves. I pay for everything else."

S. F.: "Then he deceived you as to his circumstances?"

Mr. B.: "No, I remember he merely asked for her hand."

\* \* \*

Elise: "What happened when your father told Orin he ought to put something aside for a rainy day?"

Ruby Mae: "A little later Dad missed his raincoat."

Mr. Eldridge: "How are you getting along at home while your wife is away?"

Dr. Morgan: "Fine. I have reached the height of efficiency. I can put on my socks from either end now."

.4 .4 .4

Will Emma saw a motor car for the first time in her life. It came dashing up Main street, and disappeared in a cloud of dust. "Well," said Willie, "the horses must have been going a good speed when they got loose from that carriage."

\* \* \*

Some of these jokes are 12 months old but that makes them stronger.

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Elsie: "Adelaide, there are burglars in this room."

Adelaide: "Let 'em alone. They might be after your Frisco whistle.

\* \* \*

Senior: "Look here this picture makes me look like a monkey."

Editor of Martin Box: "You should have thought about that before you had the picture taken."

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Some people live in mansions so dark that they stumble about from room to room, in gloom and darkness because there

are no windows and therefore there is no light.

The college is a master architect who specializes in windows. The light of books is his stock in trade. His specialty is the first floor from whence we get our first view of the great outdoors.

But what of the floors above? Will you use the great windows of books after your college days are past?

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